

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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POETRY.

NOT OLD TO ME.

I looked in the tell-tale mirror,
And saw the marks of care,
The crow's feet and the wrinkles,
And the gray in the dark-brown hair.

My wife looked over my shoulder,
Most beautiful was she;
"Thou wilt never grow old my love,"
she said;
"Never grow old to me.

"For age is the chilling of the heart,
And thine, as mine can tell,
Is as young and warm as when first we
heard
The sound of our bridal bell."

I turned and kissed her ripe red lips;
"Let time do its worst on me,
If in my soul, my love, my faith,
I never seem old to thee!"

STORY TELLER.

A MIDDLE-AGED ROMANCE.

A good many of you, I dare say, know something of George Bailey, if not by name why then at least by sight, particularly if you have occasion to pass frequently thro' that part of Madison street which lies between La Salle street and the bridge. You need not be reminded, then, of their elation that "handsome George," as he is known in boot and shoe circles, holds to the street at large, and you can recall, without any help from me, his general appearance and personality; how he sits or lounges behind a particularly large and clear pane of plate glass, near a certain corner, where it is an easy matter to see and an easier one to be seen, with a vague and indefinite array of black lettered cases for a background, and a little crowd of nervous or appreciative fellow salesmen as foils and supports—youchs who can put proper value upon the set of his vest (of course he is in his shirt sleeves), the tilt of his straw hat (of course he isn't bare headed), the disposal of his feet (of course they are not upon the floor), and the general air of self-sufficiency, experience and felicity, that shows in his sharp, good-natured blue eyes, his handsome, chestnut mustache, and his whole prosperous and well kept being, and sets as a sort of crown or halo upon his 28 years. Twenty-eight years? you ask; and pray do you call 28 "middle aged?" Not at all. Then this prepossessing young man is not the hero of your romance, after all? Not in the least; he is only going to serve to start us on our way—to have the "first say."

It is on a certain Saturday afternoon in August, when an air of elegant leisure more marked than usual seems to pervade the establishment of Boxtoe & Instep, when the attitudes of the group behind the great French glass window are rather more negligent and *insouciant* than ordinarily, and the cloud of cigar-smoke hovering above is rather more dense and undisturbed than it will be when trade "braces up." But for the first time in the history of his connection with the "house," Mr. George Bailey fails to altogether harmonize with his setting; there is a spark of irritation in his clever blue eye and a note of impatience in the tattoo which his neat boot beats upon the ill-kept floor. Something has occurred to annoy him, and he is on the point of "letting himself out" about it.

"That settles the business," he remarks. "I'll go to the end of the month. I can get along with Instep's airs, and I can drudge on like a dray horse on half pay, and there's one or two things I don't like but can stand. However, there's one thing I can't stand, and that's this. I don't see how all you fellows can, either; you've had one girl—time here already, and you ought to remember what they're like. No sitting round comfortably in your shirtsleeves; no saying anything that begins with a D without a pair of startled blue eyes turned your way with a how-can-you-be-so-dreadful look in them; no calling 'Mamie,' or 'Josie,' or whatever it is without that shocked, grieved, why-are-you-so-shamefully-familiar glance that breaks a fellow all up; no anything except plenty of chains, and rings, and geraniums, and kittens with pink ribbons in their ears, and a young things in montagues saying to Tommy there, 'I know I'm ignorant and inexperienced, and I want you to be nice and patient with me and show me everything I ought to know; now, would you?' And Tommy, blushing up to the roots of his hair and passing out quarters for halves, or halves for quarters, and the dickens to pay generally. That thing in the corner there, is it the

machine she's going to perform on?" And Mr. George-Bailey shook himself together with a groan of disgust, while everybody around laughed mildly or vociferously, as his temperament dictated or as his recollections of the last young lady help prompted.

"That's the machine," answered the cashier, from his window just above their head, "and the machinist herself is going to be around Monday morning, I understand. It'll be time enough to fly from your firm base then; better wait and see what she's like. You don't want to be down on all womankind solely on account of poor Susie Simpson. And I should say you ought to be the last man here to be down on Susie herself, anyway. Who was it said she didn't object to seeing a well made man in his shirt sleeves? Susie. Who said she didn't mind so very much hearing a handsome fellow swear just a little now and then? Susie. Who was always snipping away at her geraniums and things to make button hole bouquets for 'handsome George? Susie. And who, if my memory serves, once said that if she should—"

The cashier's voice, becoming every moment higher and more emphatic, was here drowned in a roar of appreciative laughter; but it emerged from the hubbub with the remark which betrayed the animus of his entire speech: "And I don't want any fellow to hint that my balance was ever a cent out on account of Susie Simpson or any other girl." "Girl," with a most scornful and contemptuous emphasis.

"Yes, we're death on girls here, and don't you forget it," chimed in a grinning youngster just emerging from "the stock."

"We'll be death on this one," said Mr. Bailey, majestically adopting the juvenile formula. "In one week we will be calling her by her first name; in two we'll be taking her to the dime museum or some other inexpensive place of amusement; in three we'll collectively present her with a parrot—say, in a gilt cage; and in four Old John will come down like a thousand of brick, and Miss Jennie, of Lulie, or whatever her name is, will be politely informed that her services are no longer indispensable to the prosperity of the house. I have worked this racket before," he went on, with a portentous frown in the direction of the cashier's window; "but my motives don't seem to have been understood as clearly as they might have been. Come, Tommy, old man, brace up there; I want to bet you a five that I'll be calling this girl by her christian name before she's been here three days. What do you say to that?"

"I bet you will too," chuckled Tommy from his post. "I'll take you up tho', and if I lose, I'll strike the boy for a general subscription. We'll settle on Wednesday at 6 p.m."

What other rash and reckless wagers might have been laid then and there, had not something occurred to prevent, I may well be excused from relating. But nobody joked when the senior partner was around, and it was Mr. John Boxtoe just entering with his sun umbrella and his palm-leaf fan who immediately cooled the mounting ardor of his staff. "Old John," as they familiarly called him behind his back, never could be brought to approve of jokes between 8 in the morning and 6 in the afternoon. Those were the hours for business. But in truth business with old John had all hours and seasons for its own. He was business all thro'. He had never found time for amusements; he had never (to Mr. Instep's regret) found time to cultivate society; he had never even found time to marry, and when interrogated on this point frankly acknowledged that he never expected to find time to marry. He had never seen much of women, never cared very much about them, never found it necessary to include them in his calculations. But after fifty years—or forty-nine; that don't seem quite so antiquated—of absence, the feminine element was about to obtrude itself upon Old John's life. He, in short, it is who acts as hero, if hero there be in this simple, middle-aged romance.

The following Monday morning Bailey and his friend the cashier happened, by a coincidence that seldom repeated itself, to cross Boxtoe and Instep's threshold together. A moment later Bailey had opened his pocket-book, placed a crisp, fresh V. in the other's hand, and said in a voice whose every accent expressed the resignation which sometimes follows utter defeat: Here, take it, Tommy; we won't wait till Wednesday."

Just inside the door of old John's

private office sat a little woman of about 33 or 35. Beside her stood a typewriter opened for work, in her lap a note book, and her hands were just putting the finishing touches on three or four pencil-points. She was attired neatly and trimly in simple gray, with plain white linen at her throat and wrists. Not a curl, or frill, or fur-below. And as our two young men entered she lifted a pair of calm gray eyes and said, in a serene and matter-of-fact tone: "Good Morning."

"We won't wait till Wednesday," repeated handsome George in an awed whisper, while a fiendish chuckle came from the boy, whose head was popping up over a case of congress gaiters not far away.

The lady's name turned out to be Katherine. She was introduced, however, as Miss Grant, who had undertaken to shorthand and type-write the firm's correspondence; and Miss Grant she was called, and nothing else until—

Upon the arrival of old John she began work on the morning mail. She "took down" from dictation between 9 and 11, and an hour of clinkings followed before she rose to go out to lunch. During her brief absence one or two venturesome spirits took it upon themselves to investigate the progress of her work. Why not? they said; it's a firm matter, ain't it? Of course; and so they turned over with some awe the twenty odd pages of algebraical, pyrotechnical and cabalistic scratchings which her note book contained, and tried to trace some correspondence between the first letter in the book and the letter at the bottom of her little pile of printed sheets. Tho' they failed totally in this matter, still they tipped out with a certain respect for shorthand and an expressed opinion that she seemed to be a pretty nice woman and that Old John would probably find her a considerable help.

He did. He was a man upon whom precision, punctuality, and good general capacity were never thrown away, and by the end of the first week he had come to wonder how he had ever got on so long without help of this sort, and had reached the firm conclusion that he never should be able to dispense with it in the future. Everybody else in the office, too, became impressed in the proper degree with the promptitude and capacity with which Miss Grant discharged her duties, and she soon gained the complete respect and good will of the house. Even Mr. George Bailey was carried along in the general wave, and acknowledged that he liked the newcomer none the less even after she had distinctly begun to discourage the ornate attentions with which he seemed rather disposed to favor her.

"Such treatment comes to me like something of a novelty," he modestly said one day; "but perhaps it will do me good. She's a nice little woman, all the same, and ought to have made some man a good wife long before this."

"She may yet," said the credit man, briefly; he happened to overhear.

One morning, two or three months later, the cashier cast a knowing look in the direction of George Bailey, and in the course of the next half hour inquired in a discreetly lowered voice if Mr. B. had any idea where he had been last night and what he had seen by being there.

"No," replied George. "Where were you and what did you see?"

"Theater," said the cashier. "I was up in the first balcony, in the front row, you know; best seats in the house; wouldn't sit anywhere else; and along in the second act I happened to look down, and there right under me, so help me gracious, was—who d'you s'pose?"

"Couldn't guess," responded Bailey briefly; "who?"

"Old John; that's who! Old John, do you understand? I haven't seen the top of that head every day forty years for nothing. And who—who do you think was with him?"

"O, that Dubuque man—Shank, or whatever his name is."

"Not at all," cried the other, with great elation; "not at all. The person with him was an accomplished photographer and type-writer operator, as I'm a living sinner. You ought to have seen them. It was the 'Lady of Lyons.' They mingled their tears together. Old John hasn't been to a play for years, and tender as a chicken doesn't express it. And Miss Grant was—"

"Are you telling me," asked Bailey "that old John has been taking Miss Grant to the theater?"

"I am,

Bailey gave a prolonged whistle. "The dime museum is nowhere," he simply said.

A week later he received another surprise; this time from the boy who was "death on girls."

Bailey was in the deep recesses of the stock when a juvenile figure came sidling up to him and a juvenile voice asked:

"Say, have you heard the latest? Do you know what he's been giving her? Shall I tell you?"

"Who the deuce is 'he' and who the deuce is 'her'?" severely asked the exasperated Bailey. "What are you giving me, anyhow?"

"It's a pair of canary birds in a gilt cage, and a fine thing all around, I'm telling you. I know the fellow that took them up to her place—on the North Side, you know."

"Are you telling me," demanded Bailey, torn by conflicting emotions, "that John Boxtoe has been giving Miss Grant a cageful of canary birds?" Well, she won't want any parrot now."

Yes, old John had been taking Miss Grant to the play and had bestowed numerous small gifts upon her, besides testifying his appreciation of her in numerous ways that never became public; and late on a certain December afternoon he took the final step for which everything before had been merely preparatory. On this occasion he hastily entered his own private office with three or four letters which had arrived by a late mail and must be attended to, he said, before the close of business hours. So Miss Grant immediately got out her book and her pencil and was soon deeply immersed in a communication relating to a case of overshoes that had started for Peoria but never got there. Then followed two or three others of general similar nature. They all related to matters of very simple character and were not especially different from many others that had left the establishment during the last month or two; but the two made very slow progress. Old John's usual fluency seemed to have quite deserted him; he hemmed and hawed and stammered and altered and repeated, and made a very bad business of a very simple and ordinary matter.

"Well, that's all for now," he said, after a long pause had followed the completion of the last answer of all. "Or, no," he went on, as Miss Grant turned aside to uncover her machine, "there'll be just one more yet. Now, are you ready? My dear madam; dear madam; have you got that down? My dear madam—"

"This is for a lady, apparently," said Miss Grant, looking up with an amused smile.

"Yes, it is," replied Old John. "My dear madam, I hope you will not be—not be disagreeably surprised if I—"

Poor old fellow! how he stumbled and blundered. How much he said, and unsaid, and resaid before he had even got fairly under way! How he blushed, fidgeted, and perspired, until in his desperation he was forced to boldly take the bull by the horns and finally say his say in two or three swift, compact sentences that were out of his mouth almost before he knew it.

"Yours devotedly, John Boxtoe. There?" cried Old John, mopping his brow with a gesture half of relief and half of expectation.

"Name and address, please," said Miss Grant in her usual neat and business-like away.

"Sure enough, sure enough," he rejoined, with another wave of embarrassment surging over his already crimson face. "This is for Miss Katherine Grant."

"For me, is it?" asked in the most simple and unassuming manner in the world. "Well, then, just let me run through it and see what it is all about. And, as she ran over her hieroglyphics, a bright spot began to burn in each cheek, and something like a smile began to play around her mouth, and something like a tear began to start in each eye. What she was reading was a proposal of marriage. With admirable presence of mind she turned to her typewriter. She would pay him in his own coin. "My dear sir," she murmured, and began to run her fingers over the keys of the instrument. But there was no sheet in place and she was obliged to look around for pen and paper. "My dear sir," she repeated again, and dipped her pen into the ink. But it was useless quite, for she had wet the handle of the penholder itself. "My dear sir," she said once more, casting about for a final resource.

Old John began to laugh heartily.

"You are writing to a gentleman

apparently," he said. "If I am the gentleman, a verbal answer will do as well as any. Come!"

And then she gave him her reply in a regulation fashion.

They were married within a month. Mr. Instep, who knew how these things were managed, saw them thro' it. He had been upon the point of providing a goodly company for the occasion from his own wide circle of acquaintances, but Old John put his foot down on that at the beginning. They wouldn't go much on style, he said, and in consequence the house itself and the trade at large so nearly monopolized the attendance that an odor of leather may be said to have permeated the entire affair. Perhaps to this arrangement, more than to anything else, was due the presence of George Bailey. He was, no doubt, the most conspicuous ornament of the evening. And the next morning, when he resumed his seat behind the great sheet of French glass, his handsome face wore a perturbed and wistful expression that was not often there. The morning was wet and gloomy, and he stood looking out disconsolately upon the muddy crossing and the falling rain. Upon the opposite corner a little girl was just giving a penny to a blind organ grinder.

"Ah," sighs Bailey as he looks that way, "if she were only a little younger, or I had half his money!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE RECORD OF ONE WEEK.

(From the New York Observer.)

It is a common remark that the best commentary on the evils of intemperance may be found in the columns of the daily newspapers. In support of this we submit the results of a personal examination of the columns of five or six of the leading dailies of the country made during the space of seven days, with the view of noting all cases of crimes, casualties, etc., where strong drink was assigned as the producing cause. We have excluded all doubtful cases from the summary, and the record includes only those where the exciting cause is specially mentioned. The task of going through the shocking and often disgusting details of rum's doings was not a pleasant one, but the results are suggestive:

Murders,	11
Murderous assaults,	17
Suicides,	13
Wife-beatings,	7
Affrays,	41
Miscellaneous,	19
Total,	108

Under the head of miscellaneous we have included such cases as arrests for drunkenness, cases of delirium tremens, dismissal from employment and cases of destitution.

We made no attempt at a general or exhaustive examination in collecting our statistics, but only inspected the columns of a few respectable dailies, and did not look into those publications that make a specialty of criminal news. It is evident that with the greatest care and widest research that we could possibly make our record would be only a partial one. The great majority of cases of misery and suffering caused by strong drink in various ways never meet the public eye in print. One has only to walk through some of the tenement districts of such a city as New York and see the squalor and filth that abound there, and witness some of the sights that appear in those quarters daily among the drunken inmates of the "dives" and dens of infamy, to have a faint realization of what rum can do in debauching and ruining humanity. The visitor in the slums of the city will observe that vice and wretchedness are everywhere in direct proportion to the number of beer saloons and grogeries; the more abundant the latter are the deeper the degradation and woe.

In the course of our examination we were more deeply impressed than ever before with the proportion between the cases of crime, etc., attributed to drink and those for which other causes were assigned. While noting the one hundred and eight given above, we found just eleven cases of the same general character where strong drink was not mentioned in connection with them. In several instances there were the best reasons for believing that rum was really at the bottom of the trouble.

We cannot impose upon the readers of this paper the details of the most brutal and inhuman cases that came under our notice. They were no

worse nor more startling than can be read every day in the newspapers. One of the most horrible and horrifying was that of a drunkard in a Western town who beat his wife to death with the dead body of her child. Another was that of a drunken woman who fell, or was thrown, from the top of a tenement house in this city and dashed to pieces on the pavement. During the week a daily newspaper of New York, the *Sun*, published a list of one hundred and twenty outrages committed by "gangs" in the city and its suburbs during the three months ending Oct. 1st. Among these were four unprovoked murders. The details of nearly every case show that the members of these "gangs" were under the influence of liquor when the crimes were committed.

During the week a celebrated painter, Hans Markard, died at Vienna. The newspaper report, after relating his domestic infelicities, says: "He drank deeply. He committed many excesses, and it soon became manifest that his brilliant career was finished." Another case of somewhat similar nature was that of the sudden breaking down of a noted tragedian, followed by outbursts of insanity. A friend of the actor said in explanation, "he had been drinking heavily."

Following the accounts of most of the suicides are words like these: "driven to it by drink," "dissipation was the cause." One man in Brooklyn was driven to the act of cutting his throat by the "green and yellow imps" that chased him around the room. He was suffering with delirium tremens. The most common occurrences were bar-room fights, often ending in murder. A number of pitiable cases are recorded of families suffering in small and filthy rooms, with nothing to eat or wear, while the drunkard father only appears now and then to abuse and maltreat his wife and little children. In one instance the poor sick wife ventured to ask the brute who was her husband for a little money for some medicine. The request was met with a torrent of vile abuse, followed by the husband dragging his wife out of bed and beating and kicking her into insensibility. One murderer standing on the gallows where he was to pay the penalty of his crime said to the attendants, in his last speech, "Drink did it," and then he prayed that whiskey selling might cease.

The newspaper reports of these murders and others crimes are often very brief, but suggestive. One murder is recorded in three or four lines. It was a fight on the street. One man stabbed another fatally. The paragraph closes with three words—words of meaning: "Rum did it." So often does this phrase, or one of similar import, occur in the accounts of crime, that it suggests the thought that the newspapers might save themselves trouble and expense by keeping the words "Rum did it" as a standing head-line for their criminal news. The cases are few that would not properly fall under that general head. And we know of nothing more appropriate to write over the entrances of our penitentiaries, workhouses and insane asylums than the words "Rum did it."

Our week's record of rum's doings may properly be supplemented by what we saw in the Tombs Police Court one morning. The night before, the police had raided a "stale beer dive" in Mulberry street, and had brought to the Tombs all the inmates they could capture. The next morning the whole crowd were brought into court for examination and committal. A more wretched and disgusting array of human beings never stood before a bar of justice. There were between thirty and forty of them, nearly all middle-aged women, some of them with gray hair. No pen could adequately describe the appearance of these miserable creatures. All were barefooted, and only one wore anything that had the likeness of a head-covering. Their garments were indescribably filthy and hung about their bodies in tatters. Their faces were swollen and blotched; their hair matted and frowzy, while several bore the marks of recent squabbles in scratches and welts on head and face, from which the blood had flown down and dried in with the dirt. The most of them seemed too stupid and idiotic to realize their condition, while a few appeared to rejoice at the transient notoriety the events had given them. They were all charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct and were disposed of in a summary manner with sentences of from three to six months on Blackwell's Island. These creatures had subsisted chiefly on the dregs of stale beer. And they were

the product of only one "dive" in a street that for blocks together is lined with places quite as bad.

With the foregoing facts yet fresh in mind, we read an interview with one of the officers of the United States Brewers' Association, in which he spoke of beer as "the people's drink" and a "health-giving beverage." The dreg of beer should be the very quintessence of healthfulness. We wish all who think so had seen and smelled the crowd of beer-drinkers in the Tombs Police Court that morning.

But, as we have already said, the scenes that we have depicted are no worse than those that are constantly passing before the public eye. The papers come teeming day by day with harrowing tales of want and misery and crime, with rum written everywhere as the potent cause. All the testimony is on the side of the declaration that the rum power is the source of our country's direst woes to-day, that like a malignant cancer it is eating out the life of the nation, debauching its manhood, ruining its homes and filling the hearts of thousands with sorrow unutterable. But the day of reckoning will surely come, for God is just and the prayers of his people shall not pass unanswered.

Facts for Farmers.

The light Brahma fowls have stood the tests of experiment longer than any of our pure breeds, combining more good qualities than any other.

The New York Tribune says that a grower who raises cabbage effectually prevented the depredations of the cabbage-worm by killing all the white butterflies that appeared in the field.

In packing bees for winter, see that there is an abundance of ventilation, not only through the combs, so that the bees can at any time have access to their supplies, but at the bottom of the hive, so that they can have plenty of fresh air.

At this season of the year, as the manure heaps are accumulating, there will be frequent cases of "fire-fanging." This may be obviated by frequently turning the heap, by judicious use of absorbents, or by drawing the manure and spreading it on the field.

Celery should be earthed up as fast as it grows in order to get it to blanch well. Still, the operation must not be commenced too early, as the growth might be weakened somewhat thereby. About all things, allow no soil to get into the heart in earthing, as the crown is apt to rot from this.

To keep celery, place a board about nine inches from the cellar wall and pack full of the plants in an upright position. Nine inches from the board place another, and pack in the same way. Underneath is placed damp moss. Keep the cellar dark and at as low a temperature as possible to forty degrees.

That grass is the most profitable general farm crop, taking one year with another, is evident to those who have investigated the subject. The value of a three-acre field of oats last year was about seventy-five dollars. The land was seeded to grass, and the hay taken from the field this year is worth as much. The cost of growing marketing the oats was more than three times that of the hay, saying nothing about the value of the fertilizers used and allowing that each crop received an equal benefit from them. But in order to grow the best grasses we believe that land should be worked over and re-seeded every few years. By plowing more and cultivating thoroughly more grass will be raised, as well as an abundance of other crops.

If the statement were made that the profits of farming are diminished one fourth by weeds, it would probably be disputed by many farmers, says the *Householdman*. Yet it may be shown easily by indisputable evidence that the proportion of loss is much greater on many farms, so great that all profits are lost from no other cause than interference by weeds. In localities where Canada thistles abound, there are many fields that show large patches completely occupied by this weed; and this may be seen in wheat fields, where all the work of preparation has been done and the harvest brings nothing but thistles. It is true whole fields are rarely given over to occupancy of weeds, but the instances where large portions are entirely surrendered to them are by no means rare. Yet there are other weeds more hurtful than Canada thistles, and even more difficult to eradicate.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1884.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The political agony is over, so far as voters are concerned. The only suffering ones now are the defeated candidates.

The number of railroad victims keeps pace with the number of weeks in the year. This is the forty-fifth week, and records just forty-five deaf-mute railroad victims.

The Kendall Foot Ball team were pretty badly used up at Baltimore by the Johns Hopkins men. We hope all necessary repairs will be made before they tackle Princeton, as there is every prospect for visitors from hereabouts to witness that game. Several inquiries have been about the date, but of course we are unable to answer them. When the time comes, may victory crown the silent boys that wear the buff and blue.

The Institution for Deaf and Dumb at Council Bluffs, Ia., had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire last week. A gas explosion set fire to the gas house, and was subdued only after hard fighting by the pupils and employees of the Institution. Some years ago the Institution was destroyed by fire, and a repitition of such a calamity would have a paralyzing effect upon deaf-mute education in that State for some time to come. We are glad the catastrophe was averted, and congratulate our Iowa brethren on their lucky escape.

The Tenth Census is the most complete census that has ever been made of the deaf and dumb of the United States. It gives a total of 33,878 deaf-mutes. New York City takes the lead in the number of deaf-mutes, there being 718; Philadelphia comes next with 464. In New York City and Brooklyn there is an aggregate of over one thousand deaf-mutes. Among the strange revelations made by the Tenth Census, is the fact that there are 245 deaf, dumb and blind persons in this country. No one unacquainted with mutes, and but few of those well posted, could be aware of this. It must have been a great surprise to the thousands who looked upon Laura Bridgman as an exceptional and solitary example of a rational human being, suffering from the deprivation of the senses of sight, speech and hearing.

The season of balls and parties is now at hand. The first great event on the list is the Ball of the Brooklyn Society. It promises to be a successful affair. Dr. I. L. Peet and other distinguished gentlemen will be present to add dignity and interest to the occasion. This ball occurs on the 4th of December. The particulars will be found in an advertisement printed among the reading matter of the fourth page. The week after the above mentioned affair, the Gallaudet Club will give a Grand Ball. It will begin on the evening of the 9th of December, so that when all sit down to supper a few minutes after twelve o'clock, they will be able to toast the memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet on the anniversary of that philanthropist's birth. The feelings of cordiality which at present exist among deaf-mutes in this city, lead us to predict that both these events will be liberally patronized. The Gallaudet Club's Ball is advertised on the fourth page, but a change will be made shortly when particulars will be made known. We understand that a deaf-mute Sunday-school connected with St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church will give a dramatic performance on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, but do not know where it will take place. The charitably disposed will have no difficulty in finding out, should they so desire.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Martha Hunter has resigned the office of Secretary of the Troy Literary Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. C. Ould, of Thomaston, witnessed the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument at Waterbury, Ct.

Mr. Henry Schanck, of Freehold, N. J., has obtained a position as bosom machiner in the shirt factory in Jamesburg, N. J., this month. He likes it very well.

Rev. Mr. Mann was present at the consecration of Rev. Dr. Bullock to the Episcopate of Central Pennsylvania. The impressive ceremony took place at St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, on Tuesday morning, October 28th.

The President of Hiram College, Ohio, is Rev. Dr. Laughlin. He has three deaf-mute brothers, and knows much of sign language—practically. Rev. Mr. Mann met him on the cars lately.

John E. Stout, the Illinois artist, is now in Perth Amboy, N. J., studying sculpture with Prof. E. A. Spring. They have been to New York and Brooklyn two or three times, visiting art institutions.

After the adjournment of the Concord Deaf-Mute Mission, Rev. Job Turner went to Amherst, N. H., and paid pleasant calls to Mr. and Mrs. O. David and Mrs. George Kent, widow of Mr. Kent, the well-known angler. He first met Mr. David in 1829. He was once a teacher at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., and often preaches in Boston.

On the morning of the 11th of October, on his way to Concord, N. H., Rev. Job Turner took advantage of one hour's detention at Worcester, Mass., for breakfast, and made a visit to Mrs. D. Howe and Mr. Henry Howe, and found them both well. She was still smiling, though he had not seen her for several years. He told her that her smile would never drop from her lips till death. He was sorry that he could not find time to go and see Mr. W. H. Green and his little wife, and others.

Grace Church, Cleveland, has been undergoing repairs and enlargement during the present year. The chancel has been extended and the organ placed in a new position. The enlarged chancel is a memorial of Rev. Dr. Washburn, who perished at Ashtabula. He was a firm and constant friend of the Deaf-Mute Mission, which has been in that parish from his beginning. As a testimonial of affection for the memory of the deaf-mute communicants have contributed a beautiful altar desk of polished brass, with the following inscription: "To the glory of God, and in loving memory of Abram Hyde Washburn, some time Priest in this Church: From the deaf-mute communicants of Grace Church."

Mr. Berry's good work.

In the chapel of St. Paul's church last evening the Rev. Mr. Berry of Guilford lectured upon the deaf-mute mission. The object of the mission is to arrange for holding monthly services for the benefit of deaf mutes, the service being interpreted through Mr. Berry. After having become accustomed to the service as interpreted deaf-mutes could then attend regular Sunday service and follow the forms understandingly by sight even when not interpreted.

Mr. Berry has delivered twenty lectures through the central and western part of the State since the beginning of the year, and has travelled at his own expense. Arrangements were made last evening for him to interpret services in this city on the second Tuesday evening of each month at 7.30 o'clock. There are about thirty deaf-mutes in the city. Fifteen were present at the lecture last evening.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*, Oct. 21.

Statistics of the Deaf and Dumb.

The numbers of deaf-mutes in the world are roughly calculated to be from 700,000 to 900,000, and of these 63 per cent are said to be born deaf, the others losing their hearing by different accidents. The number of deaf-mutes in Great Britain amount probably to about 20,000. To meet the educational wants of these, there are on the face of the globe 397 institutions, containing 26,473 inmates of both sexes and employing over 2,000 teachers. Australia has 2 institutions, Austria-Hungary 17, Belgium 10, Brazil 1, Canada 6, Denmark 4, France 67, Germany 90, Great Britain and Ireland 46, Italy 35, Japan 2, Luxemburg 2, Mexico 2, Netherlands 3, New Zealand 1, Norway 7, Portugal 1, Russia 10, Spain 7, Sweden 7, Switzerland 11, United States 55, Bombay 1. The causes of deaf-mutism are, according to the Abbe Lambert and other authorities, damp atmosphere, uncleanness, bad air in dwellings, certain occupations followed by their parents, such as landrass, excavators, miners, weavers, and all who have to work in damp and badly ventilated places; the age of the parents, either when one or both are too young, or in cases where the mother is much older than the father, (the opposite does not matter,) developing in, rarely the first, but often the second and third generation of deaf-mute progenitors, scrofulous and nervous temperaments, marriages of consanguinity, a fault in the construction of the ear, fright, grief or ill-treatment of the mother before the birth of her infant, awkwardness of midwives at the birth, exposure to cold directly after birth, and the innumerable maidens to which children are subject during teething, convulsions, fevers and many other causes, some of which have not yet been fathomed. Drunkenness in one or other of the parents is also a predisposing cause, and on this point a Swiss collector of statistics, M. Merkle, says that he found the fewest deaf-mutes or half deaf in the wine districts, and the most in the districts where spirit (*eau de vie*) was the favorite drink of the inhabitants. Canon Montang, of Mayence, says that more than one-fourth of the deaf-mute children admitted to the institutions are the issue of marriages between relations, and the editor of the German *Organ* for Deaf and Dumb gives the following statistics upon the same subject: "In Berlin the greater proportion of deaf-mutes is found among the Israelites, where consanguineous marriages are frequent, and the smaller number among the Catholics, to whom such marriages are forbidden. The proportions in that city are, among the Jews, 1 in 675; the Evangelicals, 1 in 2,175, and the Catholics, 1 in 5,179."

Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, is back at his old post at Van Benthuyssen's Sons printing establishment.

Two deaf-mutes of Hoosac Falls, are about to venture into matrimonial alliances in the near future—so Dame Rumor says.

Deaf-Mutes are invited to attend "a combined service" in the Church of the Intercession, Washington Heights, N. Y., on Sunday, November 9th, at 7:45 P.M.

Deaf-Mutes, of NewHaven, Conn. are invited to a service to be conducted by Rev. Anson T. Colt in St. Paul's Church, on Sunday, November 9th at 3 P.M.

Mr. Edgar P. Moorehouse, deaf-mute, of Williamstown, Mass., who has for many years been a photographer, has sold out his business, and retired, but occasionally does general jobbing work.

Charles D. Edmonston and his friend met a soldier, of West Point, on the steamboat, leaving Newburg for Cornwall. They were much surprised to learn that he was the father of Mr. Piano, who is a well-known mute baseball player.

Among the deaf-mutes who witnessed the Grand Blaine Demonstration at Troy, on the 29th ult., were Messrs. Kee, of Troy; Baas, of Cohoes; Ilman, Gray and Whittle, of Hoosac Falls, N. Y.; M. R. Palmer, of Albany; and Alex. L. Paoh, who had come from Williamstown, Mass., to witness it.

On the evening of the 30th ult., Rev. Job Turner held a combined service with Rev. Mr. Dougherty at St. Paul's church, Winston, N. C., on time. Among the people present were two deaf-mutes named Messrs. Penn and Lindsay, both graduates of the Virginia Institution, Staunton. They are doing well in the world.

Henry Seelig, a deaf-mute, while standing near the reviewing stand, at the Republican parade, in New York, was relieved of his purse by Frank Faherty, of No. 110 Mulberry Street, and Thomas McEvoy, of No. 218 Mulberry Street. Both were arrested, and taken to Jefferson Market, where they were held for examination.—*N. Y. World*, Oct. 31.

We have never been able to agree with Prof. A. Graham Bell that deafness is hereditary. His philosophy may be deductive but his examples are not numerous enough to establish his conclusion. There is no use speculating with such a subject as this. Statistics will give the data and the fact can be established beyond a reasonable doubt.—*Deaf-Mute Voice*.

Rev. Job Turner was in Raleigh, N. C., on Friday, the 24th, one day later than he expected, his detention for one day having been caused by the wreck of a stock-train running over a cow, killing about one hundred and fifty cattle. He delivered a lecture the same night, Principal Young told him that he had received about 3000 visitors that day, the North Carolina Exposition being in full blast.

A deaf-mute from Chicago named C. W. Slipp, jumped off a Michigan Central passenger train bound south last evening at South Park Station, and was badly injured. He struck face downward on a rough road-bed, and received severe cuts and bruises about the face and body. The wounded man was taken to the Hyde Park Police Station, where he received medical attendance. He was badly injured, but will recover.—*Chicago Times*, Oct. 6.

On Friday evening, Oct. 24th, Collins C. Colby, and his room-mate, while crossing a street in Chicago, were run into by the Police Patrol Wagon, his room mate narrowly escaping, while the tongue struck and knocked him down and the horses passed over him, while the driver stopped so suddenly as to leave the front wheel resting on his foot, his face to the ground and close to the horses' feet. The attending physicians at first were very apprehensive of serious internal injury, but his case looks more favorable now, and they are hoping he may get around soon.

On Monday evening, October 27th, Mr. Francis Rotter called at the Rectory of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, and handed Rev. Dr. Gallaudet \$25 for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at 220 East 13th Street, in honor of the marriage of Mr. Loew and Miss Sonneborn, which would take place the following Wednesday. In accordance with Mr. Rotter's wish, five dollars was sent to the home that the family might enjoy a special supper on the evening of the wedding. The friends of the home are thankful for this generous and graceful gift.

A JOURNAL reporter recently visited the town of Colville, which adjoins Dalton, on the Pittsfield and North Adams Branch of the Boston and Albany R. R. It is in this place that the mills, where the paper used for bank-notes, bonds, etc., is manufactured for the U. S. Government. Four deaf-mutes reside there. There are three sisters, named respectively, Ellen, Emma and Bella Tilton, the second was married, a few years ago, to a Mr. Viner. They graduated from Hartford in 1870, '74 and '79, in the order in which their names are given. A young man, named Walter Lears, now at Hartford, also resides there.

Thomas Brown, of West Heniker, N. H., writes: "It pleases me much to see a number of young graduates succeeding better than formerly. Two weeks ago, a letter took me by surprise from an old school fellow at Hartford, Philip H. Neilson, having not heard from him for sixty years. He, formerly of Waure Spring, N. C., now lives in Ladonia, Hunt Co., Texas. He wrote he is 78 years old, and almost blind. He has eight grown children all hearing, and has been a widower 20 years, living among his children. I think that very few old graduates recollect Mr. Neilson. He was a very intelligent pupil, under the venerable W. W. Turner. Yesterday he wrote in reply to my letter, a good

"Brick Books."

I would be much obliged, if those at a distance who contribute to the Brick Building Fund of Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, would send the money in postal notes. C. R. THOMSON, 22 E. 21 St.

Treasurer Brick Fund.

A Woman "Not Dumb but Speechless" for Ten Years.

LAWRENCEVILLE, GA., Oct. 24.—Ten years ago in Apout, Olivia Jenkins refused to speak to her father. Although living in the same house she never spoke to him, acting at the table and elsewhere like one dumb. She claimed that in his presence she was really dumb. She died Tuesday night.

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1884.

VICTIM NO. 45.

Robert Rogers, a deaf man, was run over and cut in pieces by a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad at the Gap yesterday morning, while attempting to cross the track. He was twenty-three years of age.—*Harrisburg Independent*, October 28.

Alex. Meisel, of Chicago, is in New York City.

Miss Hannah Hess is visiting her parents in Hagerstown, Md.

The grand social and "pound party," of Brooklyn deaf-mutes will be given next week.

Mr. J. D. Lever, of Utica, N. Y., has gone to New York City on a visit.

Charles E. Green was a mounted assistant-marshall at the Republican parade in Brooklyn.

Mr. Charles E. Stocking, of Utica, N. Y., is employed in a tailoring manufactory. He is now having a vacation of a couple of weeks.

Mr. W. P. Hopkins, of Bensenaler, Ind., contemplates purchasing a small farm before long. He owns a good house with three lots, at present, and is a carpenter.

Attending the silver wedding of loved uncle, at Jamaica, L. I., will present Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Knox from being present with The Guild of Silent Workers, on Thursday evening of this week.

Messrs. Clemens and Henry Schanck, of Jamesburgh, N. J., hired a black horse and buggy to drive to Cranbury, N. J., to see Mr. Wm. Schenck and his wife two weeks ago. They had a good time chatting with them.

Mr. J. Jay Borden, of Jackson, Mich., owns a nice but small house with one lot. He is doing very well, and earns enough to support his family, a wife and two girls. He is well acquainted with the house work, tailor work, and part of farming.

Mr. J. Reed Pimm, of Wolcott, Wayne Co., New York, has the possession of about seventy five acres of land now, and his house is a new, nice and very costly building. His wife feels proud of his being a splendid man.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob De Shon, nee Sarah Whalen lives on the shore of the beautiful Cayuga Lake, near his father's homestead, and have two pretty little children, Jay and Carrie. Little Jay, aged three, is fond of staying with his grandparents all the time. Mrs. Justina Witschlef enjoyed her visit there for a few days.

The University of Deseret, at Salt Lake City, Utah, would like to receive all and any institution papers devoted to the interest of the deaf and dumb, regularly. Will the various editors in the different institutions favor the new institution with a copy of their papers weekly? Send to the above address.

Frank Klingman's married sister suddenly died of brain fever Tuesday last (Oct. 28th), and was buried in Calvary Cemetery Thursday, Oct. 30th. His numerous friends who knew her, regretted it very much. Frank is very sad at the loss of his only niece. Her age was 24 years. She leaves behind a little girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y., invited some friends to spend the day and night with them at their nicely furnished house. Among the mutes were N. Denton, of Geneva, George Witschlef and his sister-in-law Justina, of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob De Shon, Mr. and Mrs. John Benedict. They had a splendid time, and shall remember Mr. and Mrs. Taber's entertainment with pleasure.

Mr. C. C. Wright, of Wolcott, Ind., with his wife and two of his five boys, was a guest at Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins' residence, in Bensenaler, Ind., where the writer was last Saturday (October 25th) for one day. Had an enjoyable time and rich dinner. Mr. C. C. W. found that farming was best for the mutes and did not doubt at all that it was much better than any job for the mutes, for the purpose of getting money and having plenty of work. He used to be a shoemaker by trade, but now is a farmer.

On Friday, the 31st, on his way from Richmond to Staunton, Va., Rev. Job Turner stopped over at Brandy, Culpeper Co., Va., for the night to see his darling niece, Alice. He learned, with surprise and regret, of the death of Miss Mamie M. James, who was the deaf and dumb lady to whom he, the other day, rode ten miles on horseback to make a pastoral visit. She passed away on the tenth day of October last. Consumption causing her demise, prevented her finishing her education at the Virginia Institution, Staunton.

Unfortunate.

The *Syracuse Journal* has the following: "Albertus Rowley and Wallace Nobles left this afternoon for Utica, having in charge Fred. Griffin and Mrs. Conway, who are to be taken to the asylum. Griffin is deaf and dumb, as well as insane, and his examiner, Dr. Tolman, was compelled to carry on the examination in writing. Mrs. Conway was sent to the County House a day or two since. She has been in the asylum on two occasions, and is very excitable."

A Narrow Escape.

Early yesterday evening there was an accident at the Deaf and Dumb Institute that came near resulting in the destruction of the entire building of the asylum. The gas house situated near the main building, was filled with barrels of oil, and a great quantity of combustible material. Shortly before six o'clock there was a terrific explosion in the gas house and in a moment the roof of the building was all ablaze. In a few minutes the flames would have reached the oil stored in the room below, in which case the total destruction of the institution buildings would have been unavoidable. The fire was fortunately discovered just as it was breaking out, and the entire force of students turned their efforts to the work of saving the building, which was done after a hard fight. The damage is but slight. It was a close call.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

MARRIED.

The marriage of Mr. Wm. D. Troy, of Brooklyn, L. I., to Miss Clara Rosch, of Sea Cliff, L. I., was solemnized at the residence of the Groom's parents, on all Hallow eve. Rev. Lewis Streeter performed the ceremony. It was a private affair, only a few intimate friends and relatives being present. The bride looked very nice in a dress of brown silk, very tastefully made. The happy couple received congratulations and many useful presents. A reception followed the ceremony.

Mr. Jacques Loew and Miss Sophie Sonneborn were married on the 29th of October. Only the friends of the bride's parents were present. Two deaf mutes, Mr. Joseph Goldman, of Ohio, and Miss Leif, of Chicago, were invited, but owing to circumstances beyond their control, were unable to attend. The happy couple were just on the point of stepping into their carriage, when a telegram was received from Miss Hannah Wollman, of Williamsburgh, congratulating them on their marriage. We wish them a long and happy life.

DIED.

In Somerville, Mass., Oct. 27th, Lottie S., daughter of John and Elizabeth Cunningham, aged 1 year and 5 days. She died from being burnt about the head by a fire on the 10th of October.

TEACHING DEAF-MUTES.

RECENT CHANGES AT THE INSTITUTION AT BROAD AND PINE STREETS.

(The Phila. Press, Oct. 10, 1884.)

Great interest has of late been taken in the education of deaf-mutes, and in the methods employed in their instruction, and the public will probably be interested in what is being done for this class of the community in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Broad and Pine Streets.

The Institution has at present 330 pupils in attendance, 186 boys and 144 girls. To meet the wants of so many children great changes have been made in the Institution. During the Summer the chapel was enlarged so as to accommodate a greater number of persons and the walls were handsomely papered and inscribed with appropriate selections of Scripture. By these means the chapel has been made more inviting and pleasing to the pupils who meet in it every day for their simple worship in signs. Lessons in morality and religion are by no means neglected in the education of deaf-mutes.

Greater attention is also paid to manual employment, as it is the object of the managers to make the pupils self-supporting after they leave the institution. At present but two trades are taught in the shops—shoemaking and tailoring. During the summer hand-machinery was purchased for the shoe shop and the pupils will be instructed in its use, and it is thought that this knowledge will aid them materially in getting and retaining employment. Fifty of the larger boys receive daily instruction in each of the shops. It is also hoped before long to introduce printing.

It has been the practice for some time, but the original one, to teach the sexes separately. At the opening of the present term the principal decided to form mixed classes, as it was thought that in this way the pupils could be better graded and that there would be greater emulation among them in their studies. Marked improvement was at once apparent in the personal appearance and in the manners of these classes. The result has been so satisfactory that co-education of the sexes in the upper classes will in future be carried on in the institution.

THE ORAL CLASSES.

Two oral classes have also formed. In these classes no signs are used and the instruction is given as far as possible by the oral method, in which the teacher speaks so as to have the pupils read the words on the lips by the sight, also teaches them the use of their voices in addressing others. The pupils selected for these classes are semi-mutes and semi-deaf. Great progress has been made by the pupils of these classes in lip-reading, and what was once an experiment is now a success and will in future form a permanent part of the means of instruction in the institution.

All the other pupils who can be benefited by this means of instruction receive daily lessons in articulation. There are as good lip readers in the institution as in any school in the country, and those who can talk make daily improvement in the use and control of their voices.

MR. FOSTER'S RESIGNATION.

At the close of the last school session, Mr. Joshua Foster, who has been connected with the instruction forty-five years, owing to failing health, tendered his resignation as principal, and nominated as his successor, Professor A. L. E. Crouter, the principal. At the stated meeting of the directors, on Wednesday last, his resignation was accepted, and Professor Crouter was appointed to fill the vacancy to the satisfaction of all connected with the institution. Mr. Crouter is a man of large experience. He has been connected with the institution, as a teacher, a number of years, during which time his classes were remarkable for their rapid advancement in their studies. Few persons possess his keen insight and tact in reaching the deaf-mute mind, and in giving information to persons deprived of one of the most important senses. He is energetic and thoroughly alive to the work, and will, no doubt, soon make his earnestness and zeal felt throughout the institution. This is already manifest in the greater activity in every department of the institution. Since Mr. Foster tendered his resignation, Mr. Crouter has been acting-principal, during which time two new classes have been formed, and several teachers have been added to the corps of instructors to take charge of them, and to fill vacancies made by the resignation of others. These teachers have entered actively into the work, and promise to be of great service.

There is also connected with the institution an oral department, which was recently described in the *Press*, located at Eleventh and Clinton Streets. This is a day school, and is under the direction of Miss Emma J. Ely, who for a number of years was teacher in Professor Greenberger's oral school in New York City. Miss Ely is an accomplished lady and thoroughly acquainted with the work of her department, and has given general satisfaction to the managers of the institution.

Persons interested in the education of deaf-mutes are always welcome to the institution. There is an exhibition every Wednesday afternoon, to which all are cordially invited.

An eagle shot in Lapland had attached to it a tin box containing a scrap of parchment on which was written: "Caught and set free in Falsted, Denmark, 1792."

Philadelphia Letter.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—It was with unalloyed pleasure, as we filed into Chapel, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 7th, to see our late Principal, Mr. J. Foster, in his accustomed place once more. Nor was our pleasure at all diminished, when we found that he was about to comply with our earnest request and on this, the last evening of his visit to the scenes of his labors, give us one more of his delightful "talks." And never before in all the years of our school life have we known him to speak so earnestly and kindly to his "silent" audience. Every word of his brief but eloquent address was carefully noted by even the least advanced of the pupils. So important to the pupils and deaf-mutes in general, have I deemed his discourse, that I have written the address out, so that every reader of the JOURNAL who knows and loves our faithful friend and former principal, may be able to read and profit, by his discourse. Besides, many of us, desire to preserve copies of it for future reference. The address was delivered in signs, and I have endeavored to clothe the thoughts in words, as nearly as possible to the original. But of course much is necessarily lost in the translation, as every one familiar with signs will appreciate how very inadequate articulate language is to express their beautiful meaning:

THE ADDRESS.

"DEAR CHILDREN:—It affords me the greatest pleasure to stand here to-night among my silent friends once more. For forty-five long and pleasant years, it has been my great privilege to remain among you, and I earnestly hope those years, the best of my life, have not been spent entirely in vain. I hope they have, in some measure, been blessed to the mutes of Pennsylvania. It has ever been my earnest desire to discharge my responsible duties as Principal of this Institution to the best of my feeble ability and in the kindest possible manner. Yet how many and many a time I have failed—as indeed, who has not, in the attainment of the object for which I was laboring, and now that I am about to leave you, to quit, it may be forever, the scenes endeared to me by long years of daily, yes, hourly association, I would say a few brief words to you all—words which, I trust, you will strive to remember, and try to profit by; because they are the parting words of one who has your best interests and improvement at heart.

"The opening term of this Institution brings with it many and important changes—new officers, new rules and new duties, all of which, though you may not now realize the fact, are destined to assist you in the attainment of the main object for which you have been placed here by parents, guardians or friends—namely, the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of those things which are essential to make you useful and happy men and women as well as honorable, respected and valued citizens, of our great Republic.

"The Directors have chosen in my stead one whom you all regard, I feel sure, with esteem and honor, and, above all, one whom, by God's help, will use his best efforts to render this a peaceful, pleasant and happy home for you, as long as you remain within its walls.

"Yet it would be expecting too much of your new captain to stand alone, and keep this great ship from sinking. As every great officer must have the aides-de-camp, so your captain must have the hearty co-operation of every individual connected with the Institution, no matter how lowly the position he or she may occupy. The principal, the directors, the teachers, the officers and the supervisors must labor in vain, if you refuse to grant them your support by rendering a cheerful and willing submission, and thus set a good example to those who have not yet learned one of the greatest lessons of life—obedience.

"Will you not help him in attaining the great aim which he has in view—to make our Institution the noblest, the best, and the most advanced of any in the land, and its graduates, the most refined, the most accomplished and the most intelligent? Should not the achievement of this great and noble ambition stimulate one and all to renewed exertion?

"Believe me, dear children, in my new and distant home, nothing that I shall hear—the success of either political party, the progress of our nation, dear as it is to me, or the increase of personal health or wealth—will ever afford me the great pleasure, the perfect content, or the real satisfaction that the knowledge of your improvement in all the noblest aims of life will bring me."

PHILADELPHIA, 10-27-84.

North Carolina Items.

The following is an account of two deaf-mutes, which we clip from the *Greensboro Daily Workman*:

Two deaf-mutes, Mr. Lane and Miss Summerell, were married at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, at Raleigh, on Thursday last, Rev. Dr. Skinner officiating.

The writer extends his congratulations and hearty good wishes to the newly married pair.

Ira Sapp, for some years a pupil of the Raleigh Institution, and since the removal of his parents to Tennessee, has been a student at the Knoxville Institution. From a letter, we are pleased to learn that he is well pleased with his school, and is glad to know that he has improved in the English language since we last saw him.

FRANK LINDSAY.

KERNERSVILLE, N. C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

ONE thousand Chinamen sailed from San Francisco for home Tuesday.

In Peoria, Ill., a man was killed and another fatally hurt by the explosion of a bomb during a Democratic parade.

A MALIGNANT outbreak of cholera is working great havoc at Madras, India. The European plague has almost died out.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, whose one hundredth birthday was recently celebrated throughout the world, is dangerously ill.

An entire family named Dietrich, living in Macgregor, Pa., were poisoned from eating Bologna sausage. Fatal results are feared.

GEORGE M. RUPERT, treasurer of West Chester, Mass., and of a New York insurance company, pleaded guilty to embezzling \$27,000. He was remanded for sentence.

EDWARD D. HOWE, who was scratched on the hand about a month ago by an ant-eater, is lying at the point of death at Bellevue Hospital from the effects, as supposed, of the poison.

NEGOTIATIONS are in progress between the different Atlantic steamship companies with a view of arriving at an agreement to raise the passenger tariff between Europe and America.

A STEEL at the Chester Oil Works, Chester, Pa., exploded on Tuesday, burning three men, two of them, Alex. Smith and Martin Ryan quite seriously, and damaging the place by fire to the extent of over \$5,000.

THE report of the loss of the steamer Estado del Sonora, off Lower California, is confirmed. Pieces of wreckage have been brought to Mazatlan and recognized. It is stated that several corpses have been seen in the water.

COLUMBUS.

Another Fire-Bug.

OUR B. B. C. SOLD OUT.

This And That.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The Columbus table presents this week, a respectable variety of diet. But for the fact that everything seemed to languish in the heat of politics, the harvest might have been better.

The Institution is standing out in bolder view since the thinning out of the leaves from the trees, and the laying bare of the flower-beds.

Rev. Edward Anderson, of this city, has accepted the pastoral call from a church in Norwalk, Conn. We believe the Colonel, as this revered gentleman is often called, originally came here from Boston, Mass.

A visit to the old homestead where so many happy years have been spent, cannot but recall pleasant memories and loved scenes. Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield were here a day and a night, last week.

The Ohio Supreme Court have read and declared the Scott Liquor Tax Law unconstitutional. It was done through Democratic spectacles. As a consequence, it will dig deep into the pockets of many when tax paying time comes round.

Miss Mary C. Bierce, who has been pleasantly detained at home, since the beginning of the term, to assist and be present at the wedding of her sister, arrived at this Institution from Memphis, Tenn., last Friday morning, and began her school duties on Saturday following.

The new State Fair grounds in North Columbus, will have an artificial lake which, when completed, will add greatly to the attractiveness of the fair places.

Cast away wretchedness of state books from the book bindery and wagon loads of boxes from the carpenter shop, was a brisk business in the Institution Square last week.

Our pupils live, but it is "Life in the midst of death." A telegram came from Fremont, O., recalling Miss Ida Herbster home last week Monday afternoon. Her brother was dying of typhoid fever.

Steward Williams went through the experience of a grass widower a long time—more than ten days, but the return of his lovely wife and bright child, has brought back the fulness of life, the homelikeness of surroundings and the gladness of society.

The following item appeared in the *Ohio State Journal*, of this city, last week.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

"Charlie Davis, the deaf-mute incendiary, is now serving a thirty days' sentence for selling cigars without a license, but he seems to have provided against his mission as a fire bug going to the dogs, and for that purpose has initiated his brother John, 11 years old, into the mysteries of fire-worship. Yesterday morning a man by the name of Grubbs, who is in the employ of Mr. John Joyce, discovered John Davis in the basement of Mr. Joyce's elegant new residence on East Broad street, in the act of setting fire to a pile of shavings. The boy, on being discovered, ran and locked himself in one of the apartments. He was taken out and sent to the city prison. His brother, Charlie, is out of jail now, although no order to that effect has been received from the court. He alone has been a terror to the community, but the two together will certainly be too dangerous to be allowed at large."

Success is desirable, but not always attainable. John M. Brown, an '84 ex-pupil was in the city, recently, looking up a job, failing to find any, went to Springfield, O.

Miss Maginnis returned from Zanesville after passing the last day with her friends, who have left to winter in the south.

Miss Jennie Shrom whiled away Saturday and Sunday at home recently, coming back on Monday morning in time to resume her studies.

All Halloween was observed here on the night of October 31st. We never knew that we were remembered until the next morning, when cabbage fragments and a handful of scattered corn about our front door made us realize the fact.

The elements got loose again during the past week. The outdoor sports were few and far between, but our boys enjoyed lots of them in their basement hall.

Columbus has sold out—transferred her baseball club to Pittsburgh, Penn., for a consideration, the sum of six thousand dollars. The reason that led to this action on the part of the stock holders would take up too much space to tell all, but suffice it to say the uncertainty of its success next year in view of forbidden Sunday games doubtlessly was the leading cause for thus throwing up the business.

Superintendent Pratt is busy on his Institution Report for 1884-5, which will be laid before the Trustees at this month's meeting.

Mrs. John A. Lynn is not home yet. Her husband reports her at Wellington, O., at present, and does not expect to see her before Thanksgiving.

Mr. Lizzie Rosmer is now with the family of Prof. A. B. Greener, on East Main Street. She arrived from Prospect, Ohio, last week Monday.

The Columbus Buggy Manufactory closed down last Saturday, for the

yearly invoice in order to make the annual repairs in the various departments. This landed Frank Minego upon the street, and he can now run in any direction he pleases for ten days or two weeks.

Prof. Haskins was upon the chapel stage last Sunday morning, with the subject "Temptation."

The interest in the result of the natural election here, is bordering on much excitement. Read a Republican paper, you will believe Blaine is going to be elected; read a Democratic paper you are convinced Cleveland is the coming man. By the time the *JOURNAL* is out, it will have been settled one way or the other.

The Institution Club played a game with a Picked Nine of the city last Saturday afternoon in the Square, and our boys, with Swancy and McNally as their battery, beat their opponents by the score of 6 to 3.

Mr. Joe Leib was the only city mute who attended our chapel lecture last Sunday. The chilly state of the weather doubtlessly prevented others from coming.

Supervisor Lew. Flenniken at Turtle Creek Pa, has only eighty boys to look after there.

Evening service at the Broad Street M. E. Church was resumed by Prof. Haskins last Sunday, as the ordinance baptism was administered to six or seven of our pupils.

Miss Bierce says when she left Memphis, Tenn., the climate was hot; but upon arrival in Columbus, she found cold weather here.

Ballists here seem to think that the Union Association will take in Columbus with new club for next year.

The latest news from the home of Miss Ida Herbster is that her sick brother is convalescing.

The belief is gaining ground with some here that our lady-teachers will board out of the Institution next year. The legislature will have to provide an increase of salary, before it can be done. We think the ladies will be much benefitted by the change, if ever made.

Mr. George E. Fischer was to-day (Sunday) admitted, by letter, into membership with the Broad Street First Congregational Church. Mr. F. works at the trade of painting in the city, and seems to think he is permanently settled here for the year.

No. 114.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Some of the *JOURNAL* readers might like to know how Miss M. Cornell, of California, is doing. She is well, and stops with her friend, Mrs. Weston, of San Rafael, Cal. Mrs. Weston is daughter of Mr. Samuel Taber, a deaf mute. She can hear, but talks well in the sign-language.

Mr. Jas. A. Harlan and Miss Laura A. Bartels were married on Sunday, Oct. 19th, at the bride's parent's home. The affairs was quite private, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. The happy couple will reside at Woodland, where Mr. Harlan is employed in the County Clerk's Office. Joy go with them.

Miss Lizzie McComb has been spending a few months in visiting Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara and other places. She stopped in this city several days on her return, then went Folsom and left us lonely. She is popular with all hearing and mute friends.

Mr. A. C. Doe has become detached from the post-office of this city, and now belongs to the postal car route, running from San Francisco to Ogden. He has every other night and day in San Francisco, and sleeps on the cars the other nights. He likes it better than at the post-office.

Miss Annie H. Roessler recently had a surprise party given her in honor of her birthday. She had many beautiful gifts presented to her by loving friends.

Miss L. McComb met several mute families at Santa Barbara, who she said were raising various fruits, etc. She said Santa Barbara is a beautiful place, and tropical.

PIONEER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 23, '84.

The Normal College.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Picking up recently an old number of *Harper's Magazine*, in which a description of the College at Washington was given, and becoming so much interested in it, I thought I should in part return my pleasure, by giving to your readers a little account of our daily life at my "*Alma Mater*"—the Normal College.

Situated in nearly the heart of the city, and accessible from all parts of Manhattan Island, this spacious building contains a large family of over 1500 pupils, for really such we are, there being so much love and respect on the part of the pupils toward their teachers—one of whom, by the by, Prof. Dundon, is the father of young Dundon of the Deaf-Mute College. As in every other school, we assemble in Chapel in the morning, when after the reading of the Bible—and I nearly forgot to mention one feature of the morning exercises, and that is the singing, which is really—but being one of the number who makes it so, I don't like to say what the Seniors then favor no with some quotations, which, though often trite are none the less very true. We are then dismissed to our classrooms, when the regular four recitations of the day begin. I know that, being only a Sophomore, the affairs in my class would not at all interest you, but I will tell you what I hear from my friends in the Senior grade, of the doings of that august body. In

the first place, they have the privilege of receiving their literary lessons in a room on whose walls hang the very authors about whom they are studying. Pope, with his large and beautiful eyes, staring down at you; Swift, stern and dogmatic, freezes the very marrow in your bones; while Shelley's fine face would stir any one to action. These are but a few of those who grace these walls. I met one of my friends this afternoon, who was in high glee over the anecdote she had heard of Swift and his neighbor's servant, but she laughed so much while relating it, that I assure you I gained but little of it.

The Seniors are greatly interested in their electrical experiments when the great inventions of the age are demonstrated to them. Not a little part of their time is devoted to teaching the "young idea how to shoot." So you see their time is well occupied. Very soon, we shall see them going about with that air of mystery which usually begets a Christmas-play, that is to say, they write a play the plot of which contains the current events of the school-year.

Being acquainted with so many deaf-mutes, I have become half a mute myself, feeling much solace in the alphabet and signs, by which you can really feel my wish.

With my best wishes for the future of your *JOURNAL*, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

SOPH.

From Massachusetts.

Mrs. Emma Bastion, a daughter of Mr. J. Holden and who has been at Brattleboro, Vt, for seven weeks returned to her home in Pittsfield, Mass., about four weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bastion's male baby was born in Brattleboro, Vt., on June 24th, 1884.

Mr. J. J. Bedford, of Pittsfield, who has been somewhat sick for some time, is now convalescent. He is in the habit of walking out of doors in order to breathe the fresh air. He does not always walk out alone, but with some friend.

Mr. William White wants to know the whereabouts of Mr. Geo. R. De Laite. Address his letter to the gentleman if he hears it, Box 20, Pontotoc, Miss.

Miss Annie Fahy, who has been spending several weeks with her sister at Meriden, Conn., returned home to Pittsfield, Mass., last Saturday. She had a very enjoyable time while away.

Messrs. William White and John J. Bedford did not know that Miss Annie Fahy had come home. They went to her sister's house to call upon her, on Sunday last. When they entered the house, they found that Annie was sitting by the window. They were very glad to see her. They and her sister enjoyed a chat with Annie.

Ho! For the Fair.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—Some years ago, it was the custom of deaf-mutes and their friends, living hereabouts, to visit the American Institute Fair, on some specially appointed evening, and this greatly contributed to the enjoyment of all; but some of the wise men among us, thought they could improve on the old plan by getting the tickets at a reduction, which would admit the holders thereof to the Fair at my time. This plan, after a trial has proved a failure, and it is now proposed to revive the old way of doing it, and with this end in view, I and some of my friends having agreed to visit the fair on Saturday evening, the 8th inst., at which time we would be pleased to meet all deaf-mutes there.

HENRY L. JUHRING.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 2, '84.

Scranton, Pa., Notes.

On the 28th day of last month, Mr. J. M. Koehler preached: "God is no respecter persons."

Mr. George Brennan, of Carbondale, was the guest of Mr. John F. Eisele, Jr., for a short time.

A deaf and mute barber will never die poor. In him silence is golden.

A mute lady may not tell her age; but if her age is considerable it tells on her.

Mr. Wm. Barge, of Dunmore, is talking about an Anthracite Literary Society, of Scranton.

Mr. Patrick Judge is working in the coal mine with his father. He says it is like a "Hotel."

Mr. John McDonough, of Hyde Park, is now attacked with a severe rheumatism and swelling of the part, and has been confined to his home four weeks. He is slowly improving. It is rumored that Mr. P. H. Early is engaged to Miss Georgina Tuttle, of Stroudsburg.

Mr. Wolfe Morris, of Scranton, will go to New York City for two weeks, next December. Hope he will have a good share of pleasure.

The Eisele family are giving exhibitions through this section of country, at Providence, by roller skating. T. F. Eisele is a good skater.

A soft glove fight has been arranged to take place in Hyde Park, on the 7th of Nov., between Mr. Richard Scott, of Wilkes Barre, and Jack Burke, of Scranton, for a purse of five hundred dollars. Burke is deaf.

Travel over the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's Gravity railroad between Scranton and Honesdale has been exceedingly brisk of late. The rich tints of the foliage on the mountain, makes the trip one of pleasure and delight to the mute lovers of the beautiful in nature.

Bristol has quite a curiosity in the way of an old lady over ninety-six years of age. Mrs. Spencer, by name, who keeps house for her son. She has the sweeping, baking, cooking, etc. With the exception of being deaf, her faculties are unimpaired. She is bright, active, and looks like sixty of age.—*The Bangor Observer*.

A deaf family in Hampshire has been traced back to the fourteenth century in England, and in all this time has regularly shown a succession of deaf-mutes. In Maine, there is a family in which there are 95 deaf-mutes, all of them connected by blood or marriage.—*Scranton Republican*.

WIDEAWAKE.

LANCASTER, PA.

DEAR *JOURNAL*:—An important letter addressed to Rev. A. W. Mann, from this city, should be called for, at the Post Office of Cleveland, Ohio.

The watch-factory where Miss Hannah Hess worked all the summer, is shut down. She is at home in Hagerstown, Md., and will not return to this city again, but may have some opportunity of visiting it some day. Her deaf-mute brother expects to make us a visit in the coming winter.

Some time ago, a rumor reached our ear that Mr. Kulp, of Mannheim, and Miss Geiger, of Marietta, were to be married. It is not the case. Miss Geiger intends to move to this city, with bag and baggage. She is an excellent housekeeper, and one who may win her would always feel well paid.

So Mr. J. M. Kohler will be soon with us. His services are always much appreciated.

Miss George Stevenson, formerly of the Quaker City, but now of Lancaster and Mrs. Witmeyer, went to Ephrata, twenty-two and one half miles from this city, on Saturday last. They returned home on Sunday evening from a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Musser, *nee* Miss Lizzie Gray, of this city.

Stamford (Ct.) *Herald* printed the following: "October 16th was Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Witmeyer's first wedding anniversary, and they celebrated it with several friends very pleasantly."

The *JOURNAL* of this week is before us. "Mercury" asks if Mr. J. M. Koehler's father was an episcopal minister. We beg to say that he is not, but a baptist missionary. Mr. J. M. Koehler may become an episcopal minister at no distant day.

Miss Maria Hess, of Oregon, called to see Mrs. Witmeyer yesterday, and returned home in a storm. She stated that in her neighborhood there lived a seventeen year old deaf-mute girl. Miss Hess will try to get her to go to the Philadelphia School next year.

Mr. Martin Denlinger got very much hurt from a fall, while trying to catch a pigeon. He was confined to bed for some time, and has not been able to leave his room for two or three weeks. He can now use his leg and arm but very little. He is an old bachelor, with such a good and very kind heart. His brother John took his two charming mute sisters for a ride of about twenty miles from this city last week and were away for two days.

"VIOLET'S" NEIGHBOUR.

Oct. 31, '84.

OBITUARY.

From the *Ionea Deaf-Mute Hawk-Eye*.

A sad message came to the Institution Saturday night. It was that Miss Jennie Cramer, at Dunlap, had yielded to the disease which she had been battling for several months, and death had claimed one more shining trophy.

Miss Cramer was a successful teacher at this Institution, respected and beloved by all who knew her, for her rare qualities of mind and heart, and in her upright, consistent Christian character, a good example to all about her.

Not this Institution community alone, but the one in Minnesota, as well, where she was educated and taught, will mourn her untimely end. She was a semi-mute, retaining her speech so that any one of ordinary perception could understand her conversation, and quite a good lip-reader. At the same time she was one of the best sign makers, and her recitations in that language had to be seen to be appreciated. Miss Cramer's funeral was set for last Sunday afternoon, but as there was no train out that morning, it was impossible for any of her friends from here to attend. The family and friends at Dunlap, have the hearty sympathy of all here. Our sorrow at the untimely cutting down of so fair a flower, is tempered by the reflection of her eternal happiness, in a land where the ears, so long closed to earthly discords, shall be opened to the ineffable sweetness of the perfection of harmonies.

A Peculiar Case.

Moline Dispatch, Oct. 5.

Last evening at about 9:30 o'clock, Officer Lee, of the night police, was summoned to the Belmont restaurant at the request of the proprietor. Upon arriving there the officer found that two men had called earlier in the evening, and after having obtained their suppers had remained in the dining room. One of the men was deaf and dumb and was unable to carry on a conversation, except by the means of a slate. It was at his request that the proprietor of the restaurant had sent for an officer. The other man arose as if to leave the room, but was detained, as the deaf man accused him of stealing a \$5 bill from him during the day. The man, who gave his name as James E. Kelly, gave himself up, and was taken to the

lockup for the night. The deaf and dumb man stated that his name was H. Parker, that he came from Chicago, and when on his way to Rock Island where he has friends, he met James Kelly. He had only five dollars in his possession when he stopped off at Moline yesterday morning. His new acquaintance froze to him—accompanying him to Peal's saloon where the two played pool and drank beer together. In the evening they went to the Belmont restaurant for supper, and it was here that Parker discovered that he had lost his five dollar bill.

Kelly was brought before the Police Magistrate this morning. He denied having taken the money, stating that all he had was his own. The case was dismissed for want of evidence, as there was no proof that Kelly had taken the other man's money, further than the fact that one had lost \$5 and the other had a bill of that size in his possession when arrested. Kelly is a young Irishman, about 22 years of age, and denied having had anything to do with Parker, beyond playing a friendly game of pool with him at Peal's. The deaf and dumb man was well dressed and not a bad appearing man, and certainly deserved sympathy for his bad luck, but will probably be more careful whom he trusts upon future occasions. He stated that he was acquainted with the Brasher family of Rock Island, one member of which is also mute.

"Autumn Leaves from Indiana."

Mr. Englehardt, of Milwaukee and Chicago fame, and his bride, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Vail last of this week. Several of the teachers and other friends from the city called there to pay their homage and offer their congratulations to the happy couple. They were indeed a very tony couple. The bride will be remembered as Miss Belle McKim, of Madison, Ind. Mr. Englehardt, though a stranger to most of us here, left a very pleasant impression among us, not soon to be forgotten. May their pathway through life be strewn plentifully with roses, is the wish of all here.

Rev. Mr. Mann is expected next Sunday, which will be another ripple on the surface here.

Miss Allie Robinson rode out to the Institution on her pony yesterday. She is a very graceful equestrienne indeed.

All the pupils are well, with the exception of one of the boys, who is convalescing from typhoid fever.

One of the new girls died very suddenly about three weeks ago, thereby casting a gloom over us so soon after our return from a pleasant vacation.

Thanksgiving is coming, so we are reminded by the "hopeful small boy." Hope it will be a pleasant event at least to the pupils, who so seldom have a "real good time," as they term it.

All the lady teachers are well, except one or two have slight colds.

"Newcomer" has been troubled with a bad swollen hand for the past month, which has interfered with important duties more or less.

"Newcomer" and Bella "L." are going to take lessons in roller skating before long.

"We" extend our congratulations to "Mr. Moses Heyman" in regard to the "event that is to be" in the near future.

Mr. Harry Bierhaus is to deliver the Thanksgiving address in the chapel for the benefit of the pupils.

After Thanksgiving we will write up a few notes for the *JOURNAL*. SNOWBOUND.

A California Wedding.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Oakland, Cal., on Sunday afternoon last, the marriage of Miss Laura Bartels and James C. Harlan took place. The bride has a pretty face and a winsome nature. She is a demimonde of twenty. The groom is a nice and popular young gentleman.

During the past few years, he has been deputy county clerk. He seems to have a keen aptitude for financing. The happy pair are graduates of the California Institution.

No invitations to the ceremony were issued by them, though it was witnessed by a large number of the intimate friends of the contracting parties. There were seven deaf-mutes present—Mrs. Craig, Misses Hard, Leonard and Roessler, Messrs. Aronson, McCabe and d'Estrella. The floral display of the rooms was profuse. The bridal party proceeded down the staircase. First came the bridesmaids Miss— and Miss Roessler, and the groomsmen Mr. Bartels and Mr. Aronson. Lastly came the blushing bride and the happy groom. She made a lovely appearance in a toilet of old gold silk, trimmed with white lace, with orange blossoms and maiden's hair ferns about the hair. They stood under a handsome marriage bell. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Kroeber, of the German Methodist Church, kindly assisted by Prof. W. Wilkinson. It was beautiful and impressive.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the happy groom turned his frank face and pressed the husband's first kiss upon the rosy lips of his fairy young bride, bringing vividly to mind the trite couplet—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

The guests then came forward and offered their congratulations, after which all sat down to a bountiful feast, and the bride assisted in cutting a wedding cake. The newly married pair then departed, with many nice and useful gifts, to Woodland, the home of the groom.

T. H. D'ESTRELLA.
BERKELEY, CAL., 10-24-'84.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Kendall vs. Johns Hopkins.

THE LIT.

Miscellaneous Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The event of this week was the foot-ball match between the Kendalls and the Johns Hopkins University team, which was played at Monumental Park in Baltimore this afternoon. The challenge was received early in the week, and the Kendalls left 7th and "K" Streets at 2:15 p.m., the crowd of students who had collected at the crossing, waving hats and handkerchiefs after them till the train was out of sight. Arriving at Baltimore, they proceeded at once to the park, and were in uniform and ready for work before their opponents put in an appearance. The park is well located, sheltered from the wind, and the ground, which is perfectly level, is covered with a smoothly shaven turf. A better place could not have been selected for the match.

Hopkins won the toss and took the west goal, the two teams drawing up in the following order of battle.

HOPKINS.	POSITIONS.	KENDALLS.
Sender,	Back.	Hyde
Poe,	Half Back.	Brookmire
Archer,	Quarter Back.	Sansom
Canfield,		Berg
Timbel,		James
Taber,		Korney
Thomas,		Lyons
Bonsal,		Lynch
Conant,		Dobson
Carey,		Hyde
Brace,		Dalley

The judge for the Kendalls was Davidson and for the Hopkins, Thomas. Mr. Toney acted as Referee. At 3:30 Berg kicked off for the Kendalls, sending the ball inside Hopkins' twenty-five yard; following it with a rush he intercepted the man with the ball, forcing him to down it within twenty yards of the goal. After two successive scrimmages, in the course of which, despite their superior weight, the Hopkins had been forced back by the Kendalls to within a few feet of their goal, Poe managed to give the ball a punt which sent it to the middle of the field. After flying back and forth for some time it was captured by Bonsal, and, by fine running, he brought it across the Kendalls' goal line but was forced back before he could touch it down. Here, within three feet of the goal line, a desperate scrimmage took place. As the ball was snapped back Canfield threw it to Bonsal who started to run but was intercepted by Hanson and Lyons, who had managed to break through the rush line, and were running so fast that, as they tackled him on either side, they swung around and collided with each other. Hanson received a bad cut over the left eye, and Lyons had his upper, front teeth knocked loose. A medical student plastered up the cut and pushed the teeth back into their place, while Hagy took Lyons' place and, there being no substitute remaining, Davidson resigned his place as judge to Hanson, and donning a uniform, went to back. When play was called again, Poe received the ball and sent it over the Kendalls cross bar from a drop kick. Berg again kicked off from the centre of the field and the ball being returned by a punt, Brookmire captured it and by fine running and clever dodging, got it inside Hopkins twenty five yard line, but, by a fumble the Hopkins again secured it, again punted it back into the middle field, where, after several scrimmages, it was captured by Bonsal, who pushed his way across our line by main strength and secured a touch-down, which, however, failed to give a goal. Soon after the next kick off Lynch strained a muscle of his leg and went to the back, Davidson taking his place as snap. The success of their opponents had fired the Kendalls' blood, and they now struggled desperately to break through the opposing rush line, while Berg, especially, kicked, ran, dodged and tackled as he never did before, yet, notwithstanding their efforts, Canfield managed to secure another touch down for Hopkins before the forty-five minutes was up, but failed to kick a goal.

After an intermission of fifteen minutes, the second half of the game began. The Kendalls now went to work more coolly but as determinedly as before, and though they did not secure any points for themselves, they managed to prevent the Hopkins from increasing their score. The play on both sides was better than in the first half, and the running by Berg, Brookmire and Dobson for the Kendalls, and Poe, Archer and Canfield for the Hopkins, was frequently applauded by the appreciative audience which was largely composed of college students and their friends. At the end of the game the score stood 13 to 0 in favor of Hopkins.

The game was over at about 5:30, and several of the players came home on the 6:25, train but the majority will remain in Baltimore till late in the night. Sanson will start direct from there to his home in Pennsylvania, where he will cast his vote for Blaine.

The second literary meeting of the term was held Friday evening, when Mr. Davidson read an essay on the "Character and Writings of Poe," in which he drew a moral, mental, and physical parallel between that writer and Byron, showed how by yielding to the temptations of college life he

formed appetites which blasted his after life, and analyzed his powers as critic, poet, and writer of prose tales. This was followed by an interesting debate between Messrs. Berg and Bell for the affirmative, and Messrs. Adams and Standacher for the negative, on "Resolved: That the author of the letters of Junius has been identified."

Many excellent points were made by both sides, but the judges, after careful consideration, awarded the debate to the negative. The dialogue in which a negro and his hoe filled the star parts, was one of the rarest bits of acting that has been seen here for a long time. Barrett, as the negro, by his comic replies to the lone traveler (Spahr) who had lost his way, kept the society in a continuous roar. A declamation by Mr. Dundon, of "The Private of the Buffs," completed the regular exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Loew, of New York, were Professor Draper's guests on Friday. They attended the meeting of the Lit. in the evening and, Prof. D. introduced them to the society, and, at the same time, referred to Fox, Jones, and the other New York boys who were such favorites and leading spirits while here.

NOTES.

Morrow, Adams, Hoefstente, Marr and Lipsett, went to Baltimore to whoop it up for our boys to-day.

The Johns Hopkins team will play us a return game in about three weeks. Though the Kendalls did not win success to-day, they did what is better in deservint it.

Prof. Hotchkiss has gone home to vote. Mr. Morrow will probably go on Monday.

One night this week, as Day, '89, "pondered weak and weary" over the pages of his Latin Lessons, he was startled to feel something alive tumble into his boot leg, and on pulling it off, out scampered a live mouse which had run in there to hide. But for the fact that he is a blue ribbon man and never drinks more than one cup of tea, he would have thought he "had 'em" sure.

GASTON.

Nov. 1, '84.

North Carolina.

Rev. Job Turner held services in St. Paul's Church, at Winston, last Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, which was very

FANWOOD.

All Hallow Eve and How The
"T. J. C." Enjoyed it.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES IN DEBATE.

Notes on the Sily.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Last Friday evening being "Hallow Eve," the "T. J. C." were bound to have some fun; so, at eight o'clock, a large pan of water was brought up from the kitchen and the "T. J. C." took turns in bobbing for apples. Misses Decker, Weyant, Austin and Wells were the most fortunate. After that, Miss Ida Montgomery placed a plate of flour on the table. The flour was piled up in a heap, with pennies around the top. The "T. J. C." Henry and several others, marched around it taking turns in cutting a slice off. Miss Lewis and Annie Austin tipped the pennies over and the rest gave sighs of relief that they escaped an "old maid's fate." Then a paper bag was hung from the ceiling and the players, being blindfolded, tried in turns to burst it with a stick. The next and last thing done just before they retired, was each filled a wash bowl with water and put all the letters of the alphabet face downwards on the surface with the expectation of finding the initials of their future husbands turned face upwards the next morning. They will not tell whose initials they found, so your reporter can say no further.

The first literary debate for the term came off before the Fanwood Literary Association, last Saturday evening, with four members of the High Class, on the following question: "Do deaf people gain superior refinement and enjoyment by associating with hearing people than with those who are deaf?" The affirmative side was upheld by Messrs. W. G. Shanks and W. H. Rose, while the negative was supported by Messrs. F. M. Houck and W. F. Durian. At the conclusion, the Judges decided in favor of the affirmative side. The Judges were Messrs. May Martin and Mamie Weyant, and Mr. W. H. Fossimire.

Prof. Gamage hardly ever misses to grasp the hand of distinguished men when they are around. Last Friday he shook hands with James G. Blaine whom he strongly advocates for our next President.

Dr. Alexander has been acting in capacity of visiting physician for the Institution since the resignation of Superintendent Carson.

John Connors and Mr. J. Witbeck, of West Troy, N. Y., came down on a visit Wednesday last week. Both are influential members of the Troy Society of Deaf-Mutes.

Prof. Clarke has been laid up for over a week on account of a swollen wrist. He is better now.

The friends and cousin of John. A. Quigg made his heart palpitate with pleasure by their visit on Sunday.

Cases of diphtheria are reported in the village.

The old pump in front of the shops, which was ordered to be stopped by the Board of Health several years ago, on account of its injurious properties, was pulled up, Monday of last week, and now earth takes the places of the spot where the pupils used to congregate and pump and quaff each other's health.

Supervisor Howell has been absent for several days the past week, on account of sickness in his family.

Several of the boys witnessed the great parade of the Republican party, last Friday evening.

The father of Willie Coombs led the first assembly district in the parade of the Republicans last Friday night. He was on horse-back.

The Gordon press, in the printing office, was taken to pieces and thoroughly cleaned last Friday.

J. C. Miller boards with Prof. Jones. B. Gallagher took part in the parade of the Republicans Monday last. A baseball shirt and the letter "M" graced his manly breast.

The Fanwood Baseball Club was re-organized not long ago. J. B. Lloyd was elected Captain, and Secretary, B. Gallagher, Second Captain, J. C. Miller, Treasurer, and Messrs. G. Weller, F. Jordan and W. McVea, the directors. Mr. T. F. Fox was chosen Manager.

The limits to the subscription for the foot ball has been reached, and fun in the near future is predicted. Huge iron dumb-bells and heavy bars of iron add greatly to the ornaments of Supervisor Thimmes' room. He uses them for muscular development.

The subject for debate before the Peet Literary Society last Friday evening was, "Is the United States justifiable in exposing men to peril in the Arctic Region for promoting scientific discoveries?" Frank Houck upheld the affirmative side, while W. H. Fossimire defended the negative. The debate became very warm when the volunteers in the persons of Messrs. Rose, Dunn, Geary and Durian made their appearance. The vote resulted in 5 to 4 in favor of the affirmative. A very able and interesting essay followed the debate on "War and its Horrors," by Ulysses G. Dunn.

John P. Cotter, of Newark, N. J., spent Sunday afternoon with the boys.

Those pupils who attended the meeting of the Democrats and Independent Republicans at Lyric Hall last Saturday evening, were Messrs. Geary, Miller, Dunn, Caton, McDonald, Edwards, Mitchell, Gallagher, Beaumman, Ekardt and Stratton. Prof. Currier, Fox and W. G. Jones were also there and made speeches in support of Cleveland. They also witnessed the public demonstration of the Democratic party.

Miss Ella Dillingham was conspicuous at Fanwood Saturday last.

School commenced at ten o'clock and closed at three in the afternoon on Election Day. Everybody was excited over politics, and discussed what they knew and what they didn't know.

Supervisor Emmons was suddenly summoned to the bedside of his dying brother-in-law last Sunday.

One of the most interesting, yet touching incidents ever brought under our observation occurred Thursday night, when William Howell, the well-known young miller, of this village, called at this office with his brother, Mr. Wallace F. Howell, one of the supervisors of deaf-mutes at Washington Heights. Both are deaf and dumb and can only communicate by sign language. The very silence of their hand expressions was impressive beyond words. Mr. Howell came to visit a sister who is ill. Their affliction was caused by scarlet fever. —L. I. News Letter.

AQUILLA.

The Friend, the Lover, and the Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other early bereavements are trifling. The wife! She who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven. She who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the little ones around her—bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering over the head. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet form, save those your hand may have unintentionally planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But, alas! she is gone, never to return again. The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals of the grave. O death! where ends thy sting? The heart whose very beating measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now over her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her grave may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a husband may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm around your shoulder, no dear face to look up into the eye of love, no trembling lips to murmur the kindest feelings of the heart. Ah! how sad, how lonely you feel! For the idol of your heart is gone. The little one whose nest has rifled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up its tiny hands to stay the tears then nestles back to its father's breast, half conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly, is broken forever.

Remember, then, that nothing in life is so pure and devoted as woman's love; would not then the heart that loves you—that fountain of unsealed and gushing tenderness. It matters not whether it be for a husband or child, or sister, or brother, it is the same quenching flame, the same immaculate glow of feeling whose undeniable touchstone is trial. Give her but one token of love, one kind word, or one gentle look, even if it be amid poverty, desolation and death—the feelings of that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent, despite of earthly bonds or mercenary ties. More priceless than the gems of Galconda is the female heart, and more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca is woman's love. It is a dear delight for the soul to have confidence in the faithfulness of a wife. It makes a pillow of softness, for the cheek which is burning with fears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm on every sorrow. It is a hope undimmed, a flowery seclusion into which the mind, when weary with sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love. The remembrance of every friendship, the clasp of that dear, cold hand, in the last moments of life, when she with her consoling voice says, "farewell! farewell!" and her hand yet clings to yours. "We shall, I hope, meet again in heaven."

The sound of these parting words dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear, and as a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled heart. Bereavements long withheld, descend sometimes as chastening gifts upon our nature, to remind us of our duty to our heavenly father, and direct our thoughts to that happy and blessed home where all tears and sorrows shall be wiped away, "and we shall meet those dear ones to go out no more forever." There is healing in the bitter cup. God takes away, or removes far from us those we love, to increase our faith and impress on our minds the uncertainty of life, and to teach us to look forward to a reunion where there will be no more separation, and no mutability, except that which rises from perpetual progressiveness. Faith is that precious alchemy of the soul which transmutes grief into joy, or, rather it is that pure and heavenly change which clears away the film from our mortal sight, and makes affliction appear what it really is, a dispensation of mercy. Then cherish

the remembrance of that faithful friend, that dear departed wife whose holy presence, as a ministering spirit, is probably now guarding your innocent children. In all new and pleasant connections, give her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you. Be tender of her memory: so you may meet her, with a soul unstained, in that bright and beautiful world.

Wife and mother! what sacred memories cluster around those words! That being whose affections will linger around us to the very last! What sweet consolation in the hope when this freed spirit is released from its earthly tabernacle, we shall again behold those we have loved on earth, in the home of the blest, whose deep sound of joy no mortal ear hath heard; where our friendship will be renewed; where God hath said, "Eye hath not seen nor heard, nor has it ever entered into the mind of man, to conceive the joys he hath prepared for those who love and serve him."

Consider who deprived you of that dear wife and companion? Was it not God? Did not He that gave her to you, take her from you? May He not do what He pleases with His own? Is there any defect of wisdom or goodness, of justice or mercy, in God's disposal of your wife? Or, will you ever have rest but in submitting to the Divine good pleasure? You must not have all your mercies conveyed to you merely by one instrument. Therefore, when one dear friend has done her part for your welfare and happiness, God will send other mercies, by another hand; and it is fit He should choose the messenger who bestows the gift.

But there are some who doubt whether heaven itself will renew friendships of earth. To remove such a distressing apprehension, let the following reasons, which are supported "by God's Word," be sufficient. You cannot think that the knowledge of glorified saints shall be more imperfect than their knowledge while they were upon the earth. We shall know much more, not less, than before. Heaven exceeds earth in knowledge as much as it does in joy. The angels of heaven have now a distinct knowledge of the least believers on earth, and rejoice in their conversation, and are styled by Christ "their angels."

Therefore, when we shall be equal to the angels, we shall certainly know our nearest friends, who will have their share with us in that glory. And though God be all in all in heaven, yet we shall there not only know but love and rejoice in our fellow creation; for Christ, in his glorified human nature, will be known and loved by all his members, without any distinction of the glory of his Divine Nature. The several members of the body of Christ will in heaven be so nearly related to each other, that they must know and love each other, and not be unconcerned in each others' felicity. The future triumphant state of the church is often described in scripture as a kingdom, the city of God, the new Jerusalem, each of which implies a society. As one part of the Saint's happiness they are to come from the East and the West, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; and therefore they shall not only know those great patriarchs, but shall take peculiar delight in their presence and converse. Besides, love to saints, as well as to God, is a grace that never faileth. Yes, religions bow of promise points his aspiring, though humble, spirit to the future, the glorious hope of meeting again those we have loved on earth.

When we cast our eyes back through the dim vista of the past, and recall to mind the friends of our soul, we are led to inquire, "Where are they?" With all the numerous throngs with whom we sported away the laughing and happy hours of infancy—whom we could firmly grasp by the hand, and enjoy our innocent pastime—how few meet our wandering eye. Some in their journeyings through the vale of human life, have been called to other climes, to distant, strange lands; some have gone to their final resting place, the tomb; others been turned from us by the repulsive power of their cold feelings of estrangement.

But there are a few choice spirits who still linger around us, irradiating like stars, the sky of our being, diffusing a halo of delight through it, rendering it brilliant with the light of hope and joyous expectation. These we link with a few departed companions of our early years, who are gone from the trials and temptations of this sinful world, to that happy home where we fondly trust we shall meet them again in that pure and heavenly rest, where our souls may commingle together, united in the holy bonds of affection, through the long and ceaseless ages of eternity. It cannot be that those dear beings whose hearts once beat mutually with ours, whom the angel of death has hid from our gaze, and whose names, with the cold and selfish world, are destined to float for a while on the tide of remembrance and then pass away into the sea of forgetfulness, are fated never more to meet our view. No! There is a voice that comes from our blessed Jesus, "As my father hath loved me, so have I loved you." There is a closer fellowship, for it is that of spirit as well as of mind; for God, that is all love, would never have created hopes that are to be bounded by the grave. Ours is an immortal friendship, for it rests on an imperishable basis. It is not only union so long as we travel together, but union, too, in our everlasting rest.

A few short years of evil past, We reach the happy shore Where death-divided friends, at last, Shall meet to part no more.

We feel that death puts an end to our friendship; but Christ's friendship moves a step closer when mortality intervenes. It is not for a moment suspended. The spirit rises to himself, to the enjoyment of his presence, and to forms of intercourse and endearment which cannot be imagined. So it was in the history of Enoch: To-day, he "walked with God," on earth—to-morrow he walked with him in heaven. "We shall meet again;" and the endearing thought that thus it will, be cheers us on our pilgrimage through the dark wilderness of life secretly admonishing us to beware of temptations—to shun the soul-destroying haunts of vice. Remember the words of our blessed Redeemer: "He that believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Cordial belief in Christ Jesus. God's own gifts, brings into the heart the first pulsations of the new existence, and we shall at last have a meeting more blissful and transporting than all the joys of earth, never to the end, where the union is, at length consummated, amidst the pealing hallelujahs of grateful triumph and everlasting love—a union never to be interrupted by one passing doubt, but ever to become more joyous and affectionate in the fruits of unbroken and mutual kindness, of glory in the presence of God.

The above and foregoing is affectionally dedicated to a friend in the hour of his sad bereavements, in the loss of his companion to whom he was tenderly attached, and may he receive consolation therefrom in my earnest wish.

C. Ed. S.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 12, 1884.

Prepare For December 4th.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes will have a ball on December 4th, 1884, at Masonic Temple, Corner Grand street and Seventh street, Brooklyn, E. D. Tickets admitting gentleman and lady, 50 cents. Single ladies' tickets, 25 cents. The Society's birthday is on December 4th; Dr. I. L. Peet's birthday is on December 4th; and the Fanwood school was removed from its old site at Fifth street to its present site on December 4th, 1856. A combination and a few attractions will be added to the programme. R. E. Sause will furnish the music. Supper will be served at 50 cents and \$1.00 each. Take Greenpoint ferry, then horse car to Grand street, and you will find the hall; take Houston street ferry or Grand street ferry, and you will reach Grand street and then find the hall. Take Fulton Ferry and then horse car to Grand street, and you find the hall. Horse cars pass the hall all night for New York. For further particulars see programme out soon; or address the Chairman at the NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE LEADER OFFICE, No. 151 Consequence Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. A. BOND, Chairman, Committee of Arrangements.
JACOB SWARTZ,
WM. D. FREY.

W. A. BOND, Esq., Chairman, ETC.:
DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to accept your polite invitation to attend the celebration of the first anniversary of the organization of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes on the 4th of December, 1884. To host the many graduates of the Institution, who will be present on that occasion would be, in itself, a source of great gratification, but when to this is added their proposal to show their affection for the Society by a combination, at the same time, the removal of her seat to Washington Heights on the 4th of December, 1856, and their personal recognition of myself as their friend, and the occurrence of the day of my birth on the 4th of December, 1824, I could not forego the opportunity you afford me if I would, and I would not if I could. Thanking you for your courtesy and kindness which have prompted your action and that of those you represent, I am,
Very truly and respectfully yours,
ISAAC LEWIS PEET.

Address by President W. G. Pownall on "The Brooklyn Society."

Address by Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet on "The Deaf and Dumb Institution."

Address by Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet on "Dr. Peet's Birthday."

Address by Rev. John Chamberlain on "The Guild of Silent Workers."

Address by Dr. Rev. Anson T. Colt on "St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes."

Address by Mr. E. A. Hodgson on "The Deaf-mute Press."

Address by Thos. F. Fox on "The Fanwood Literary Association."

Address by Presidents of mute societies who are present.

It is the determination of the Committee to allow only one hour for the speeches and in order to save the time the speakers are expected to use very brief remarks.

Dr. Peet has never been made the recipient of any gift from the mute graduates, and the Committee has requested several gentlemen to act as a committee to collect sufficient money to purchase an elegant present and show their love for Dr. Peet by presenting it to him on the 4th of December.

The New Departure in Deaf-Mute Education.

At the National Association of Teachers, in Madison, Prof. A. Graham Bell, of Washington city, D. C., the inventor of the telephone, advanced the theory of a new mode in deaf-mute education.

The new departure that he advocates may all seem practicable of higher results than are achieved by our present system; but, really it is no new departure at all. It has been tried for many years and is still in operation in the sign institutions, where it is known as the combined method, and in special institutions, where it is known as the pure oral method. The results of the articulation method in both these institutions are practically alike, and far from satisfactory in comparison with those of the sign language. Repeated visits to the European schools have also failed to convince the champions of the sign language that the oral method, though productive of some good, is really the best.

Only a very few derive any lasting practicable benefit from articulation teaching, and are confined to those who lost their hearing after they had

acquired a partial knowledge of spoken language, thus retaining a natural ability to further development. All congenital and even many of the semi-congenital themselves, drop the practice of this artificial and only partially acquired speech, altogether, on their departure from both the sign and oral institutions.

Another objection is that the voice is so slow, harsh, discordant and unintelligible that the speaking and hearing world feels no inclination to engage in conversation with them, and even would flee from them as a pestilence rather than become the involuntary hero of a crowd on the street, or sensation of an evening party.

That the intermarriage of mutes propagates their infirmity is something unlooked for from Mr. Bell, and is at sad variance with facts, nevertheless he claims that his study and researches support this theory that the propagation of a new variety of the race is in progress. It is an extreme rarity to find a deaf-mute in the family of deaf-mute parents. I doubt if science can solve such a problem so far ahead, against the present array of facts, which may suggest the supposition of a hobgoblin on the part of this fanatic to hurry state authorities into the adoption of this new plan of associating deaf children with speaking and hearing ones in the public schools.

The universal feeling among the mutes is very bitter against the articulation methods forced upon them, and their determination to drop it entirely upon their removal from school room authority, is altogether natural and deep seated. Can we wonder at this natural aversion to this unnatural method? It is rightfully so. It is as laborious and distasteful to a deaf-mute to roam in the unknown of voice, as it is for a blind man to grope his way over terra firma in broad daylight with the busy world hurrying hither and thither around him, tremblingly planting his foot in locations of which he can have no positive knowledge. If the blind man was restored to sight, do you think he would continue to keep his eyes shut as a natural preference? Certainly not. So with the deaf-mute forced into the articulation method, a land of veritable darkness to him by reason of his inability to hear—himself will unhesitatingly rush into the day light of his natural element, the sign language, the moment he is beyond the reach of school room authority.

H. PHILLIPS.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

- Nov. 2—Cleveland, Ohio.
- " 9—Indianapolis, Ind.
- " 10—Jeffersonville, "
- " 11—New Albany, " Convocation.
- " 13—Cleveland, Ohio.
- " 16—Columbus, "
- " 17—Norwalk, "
- " 23—Chicago, Ill.
- " 27—Cleveland, Ohio.

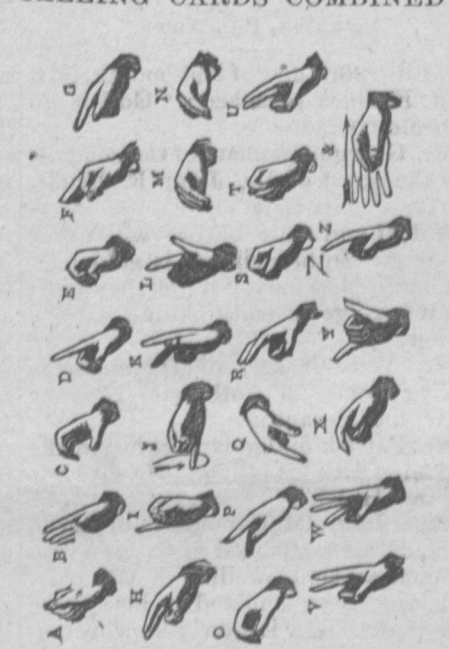
Mr. J. M. Koehler's Appointments

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

- " 9th—Grace Church, Allentown, 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M.
- " 11th—Tamaqua
- " 12th—Pottsville.
- " 16th—Christ Church, Williamsport, 2 P.M.
- " 19th—St. Paul's Church, Troy, 7:30 P.M.
- " 23d—Christ Church, Towanda, usual hour.
- " 30th—St. Luke's, Scranton, 3 P.M. combined service, 7:30 P.M.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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New York City

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle's Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Pownall, President; W. A. Bond, First Vice President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice President; Henry Stongelo, Secretary; Henry L. Jubring, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 397 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Secretary, Martin Aronson. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M. in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 25th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to W. J. Bailly, Corresponding Secretary, 174 Cherry Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, 6th and Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Henry Barden, President, and Jesse K. T. Hoagland, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 71 Bremen Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, last Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are reserved for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Slifer is President, and Abraham J. Marshall, Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every year and the object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almon Smith, Secretary; and Fred Varnum, Jr., Treasurer. Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago natives effected with the object of dispensing intellectual, moral, and social amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in the Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice President, Chas. A. Angle; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Champ L. Buchanan. Address, Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

The Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 P.M., in the large Philopatrian Hall, which is situated at 12th St., below Walnut St., front second floor. Last Tuesday in every month for business meetings only. Strangers in town are cordially invited. Thomas Brown is President, and Edward Carr is Secretary, and the latter's address is 1131 East Somerset Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings on 8, third floor, corner 4th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, and on the 1st of January. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weekly, at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary and advancement of St. Louis deaf-mutes will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, E. T. Campbell; Vice-President, T. Howe; Treasurer, James C. McQuinn; Secretary, Geo. Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McManey. Secretary's address, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interfere in friend of humanity and Christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillingshat, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 124 East 4th Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by John T. Tillingshat, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingston, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. McManey, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Walter McDonald; 2d Vice-President, Thomas H. Stewart; Treasurer, William Eslinger; General Secretary, Robert T. Bailey. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, R. T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, N. J.

THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, corner Charles and Saratoga Streets, Baltimore. The officers of the Club for the current half year are: William McKelroy, President; James O. Amos, Vice-President; Henry J. Gill, Secretary; James Mooney, Treasurer; Adolph Knoche, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at 356 Madison Avenue, Baltimore.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services, excepting the last Sabbath of each month, when it holds a service in behalf of the deaf-mutes of those who can not read or write. It also holds a Bible class at 10 o'clock on Sunday eve, under the leadership of its Pastor, and also Friday evening for a prayer and exhortation service. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President and Promoted Secretary; Chapman, W. Bailey, and S. F. Southwick, Board of Directors; L. A. Smith, W. K. Bigelow, and W. C. Packard, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: William T. Collins, President; Samuel H. Kee, Vice-President and promoted Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and Hiram B. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also holds a Bible class in the Guild room every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in and hear the lectures and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is Marshall Infirmary, Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GRAND BALL!

OF THE
Gallaudet Club

OF NEW YORK CITY,

At ADELPHI Hall,

52d Street, bet. Broadway and 7th Ave.

ON THE EVENING OF

Tuesday, December 9th, 1884.

Tickets, (